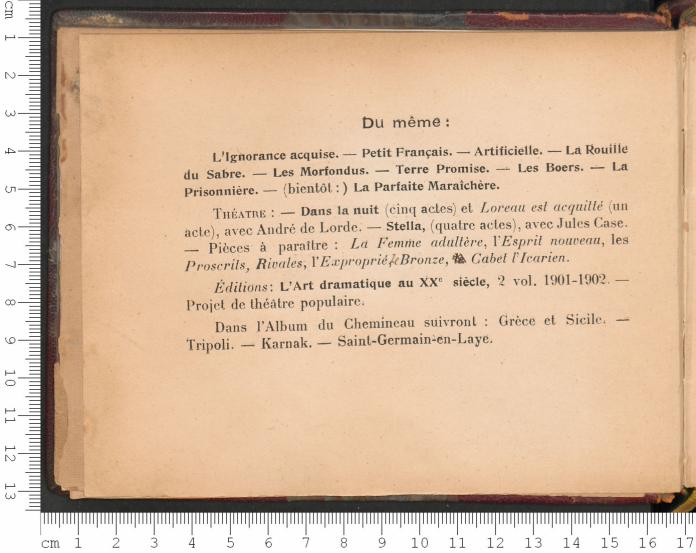
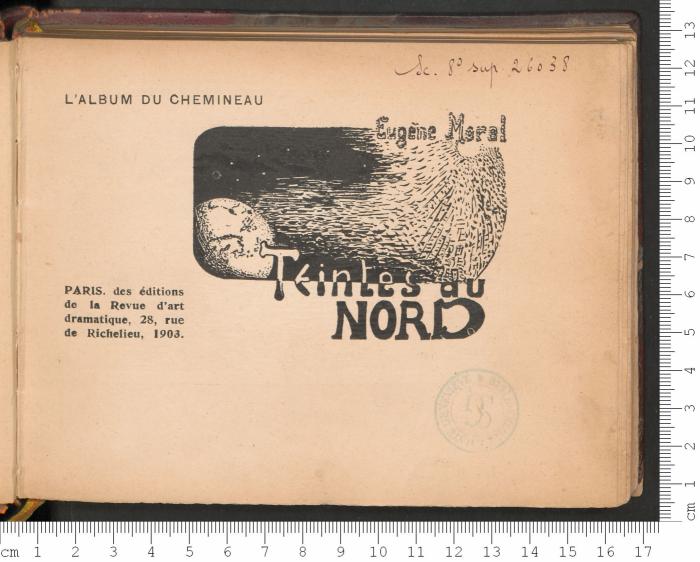
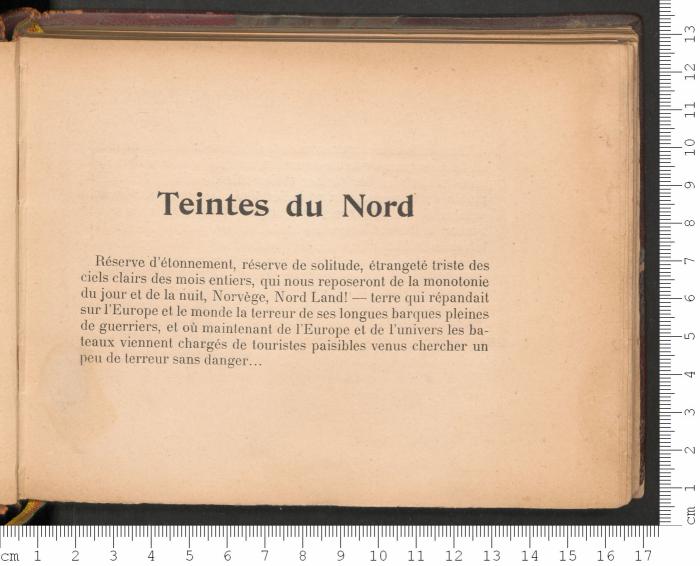


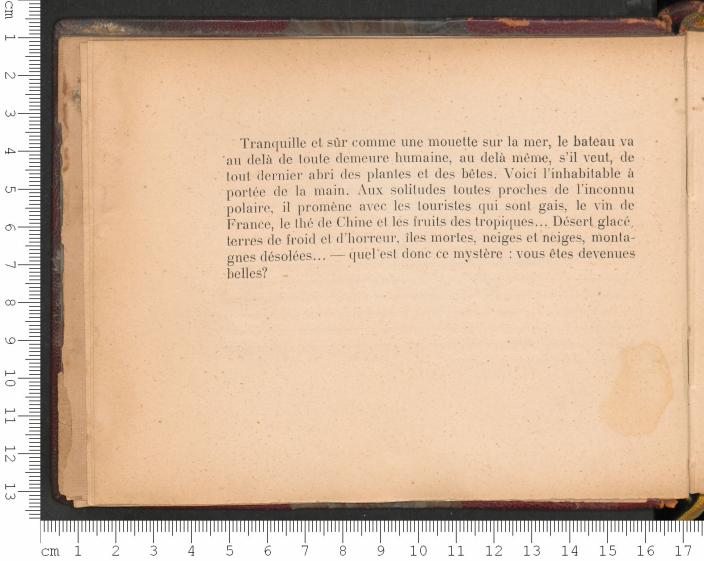
L'ALBUM DU CHEMINEAU Teintes du Nord

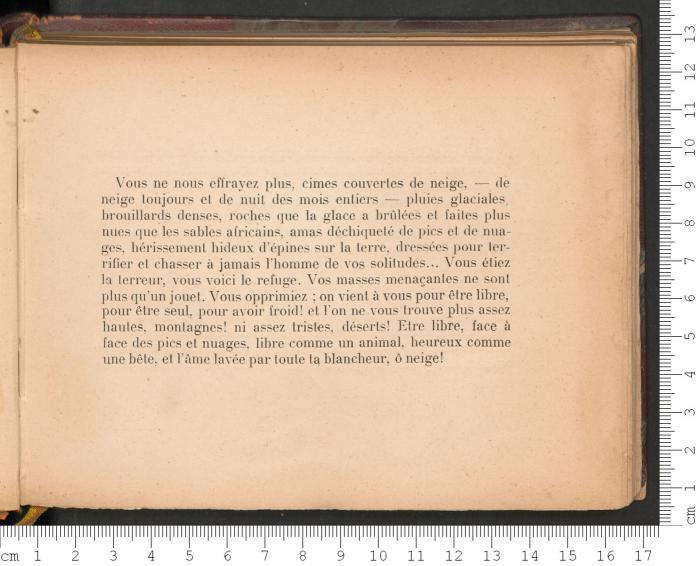


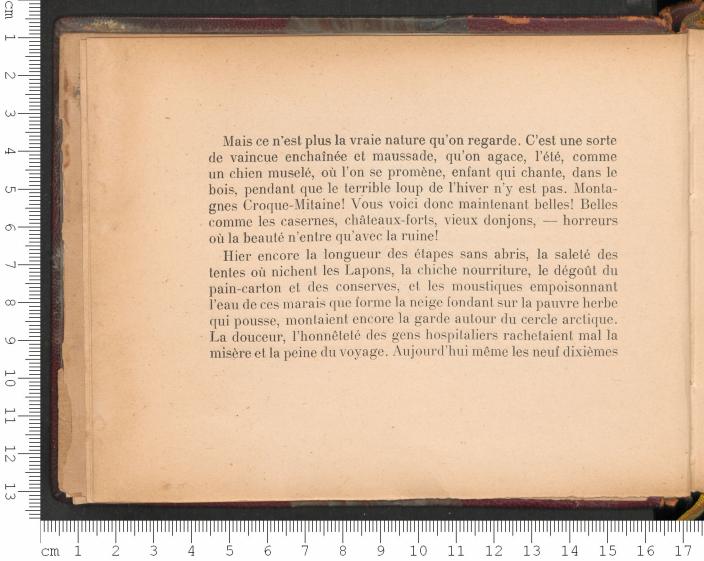


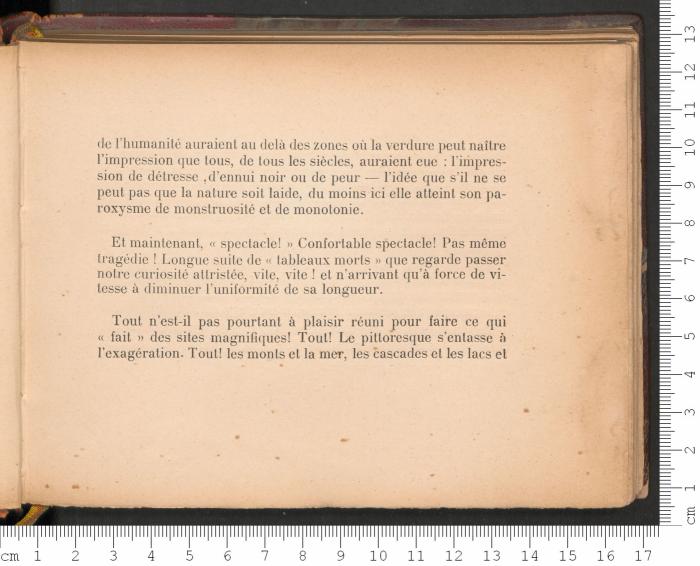


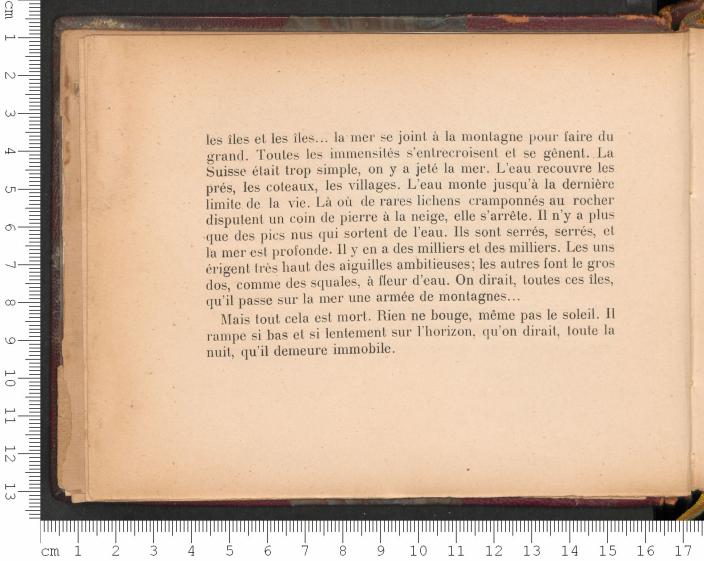


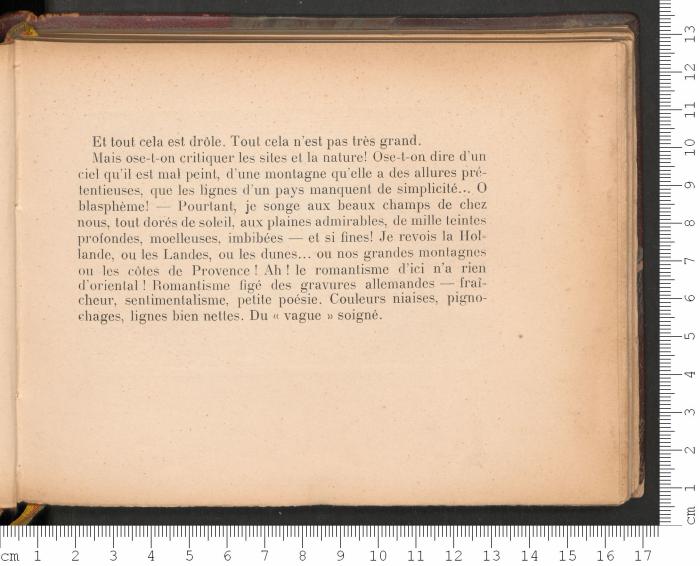


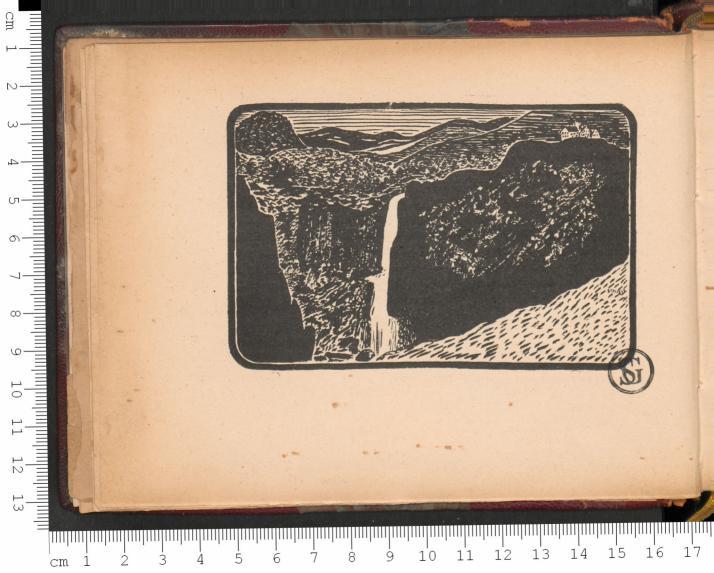


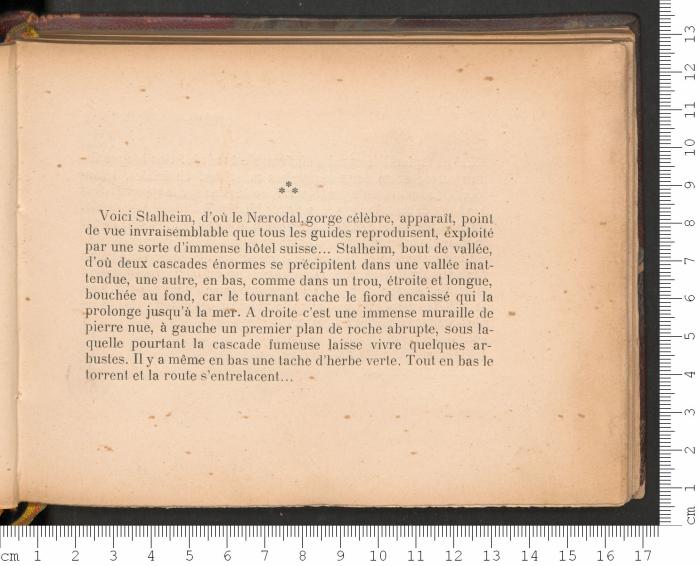


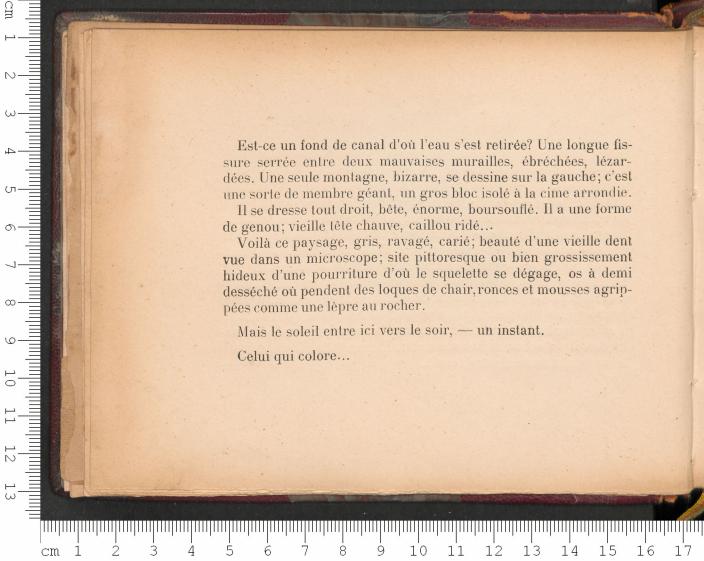


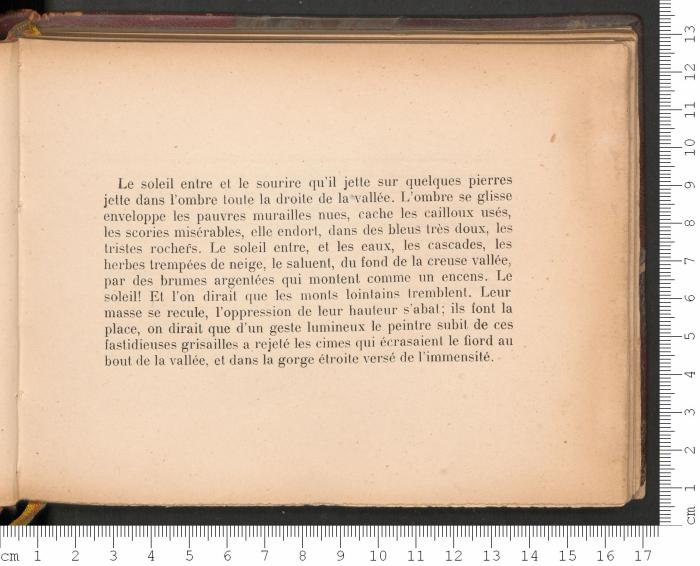


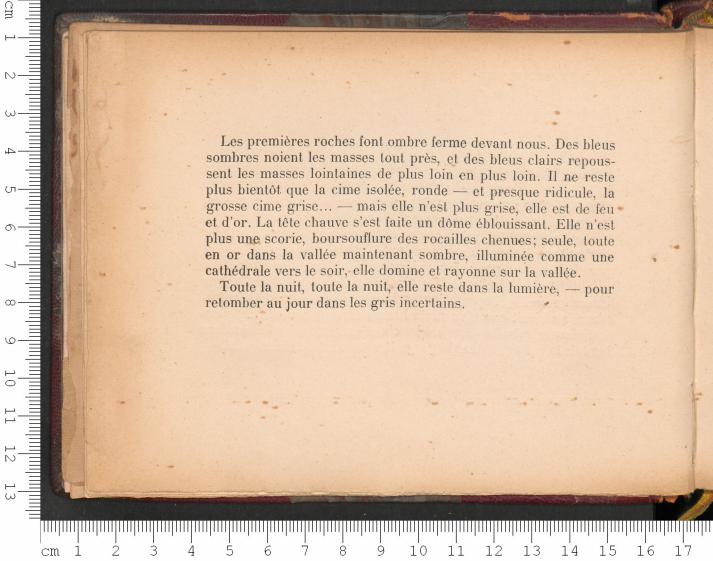


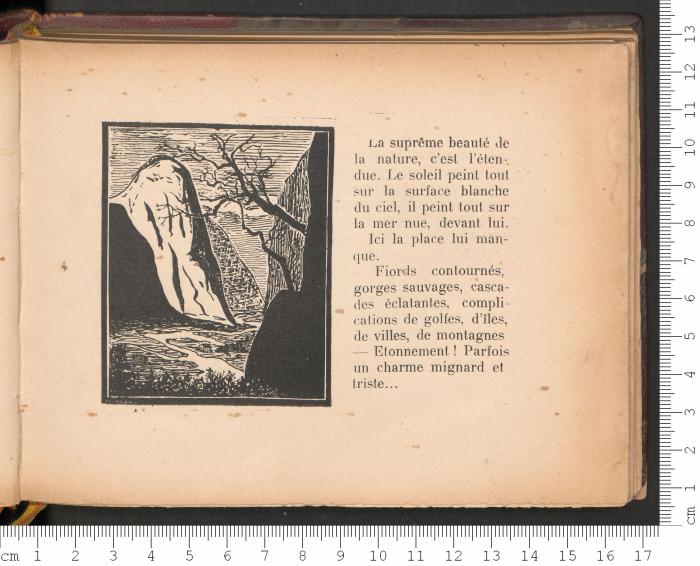


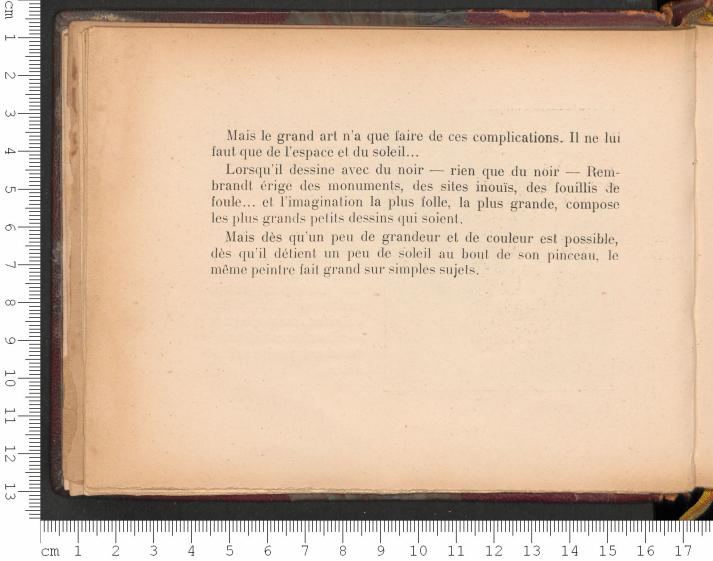


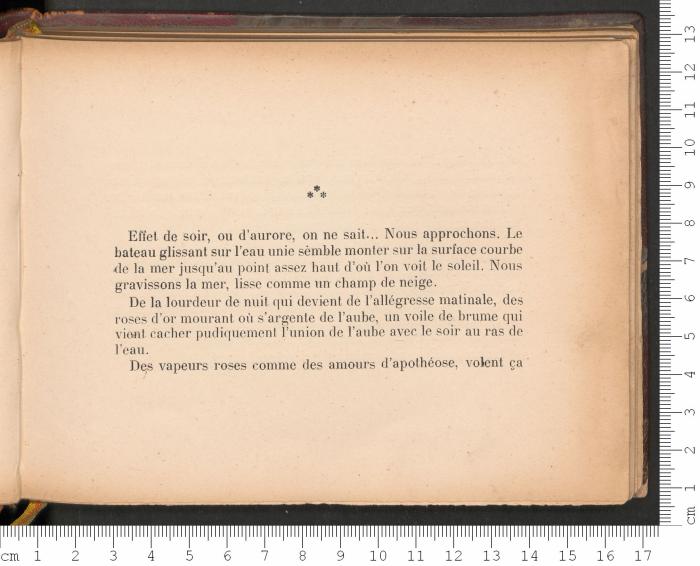


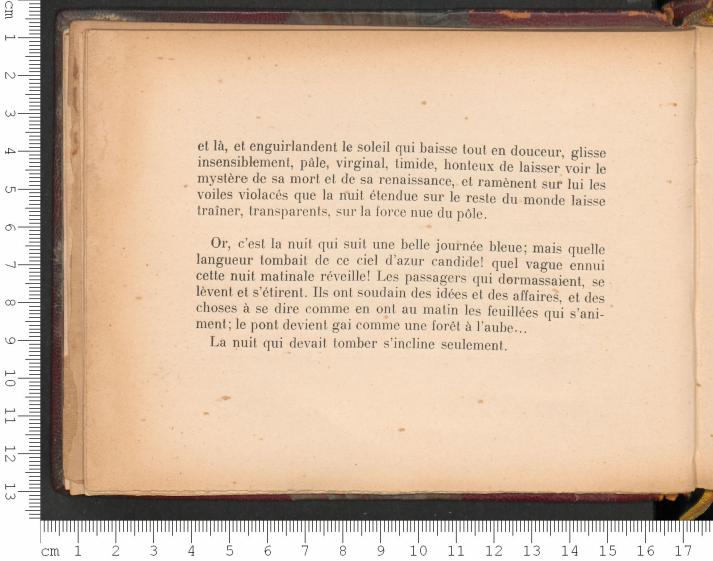


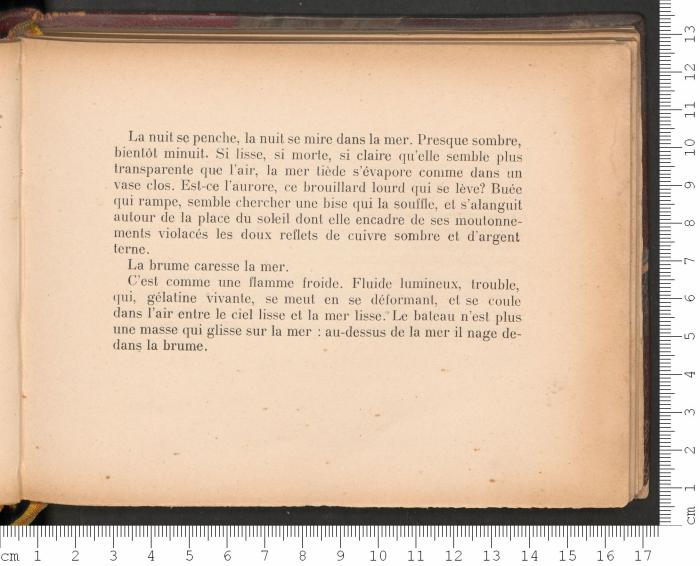


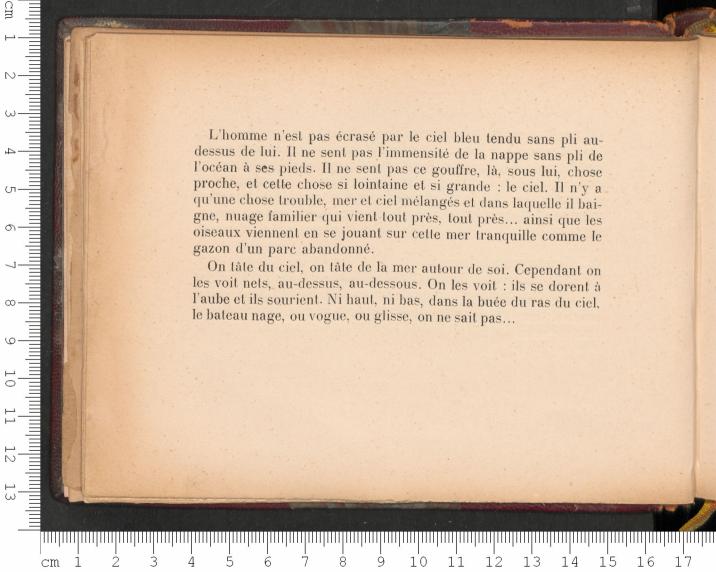


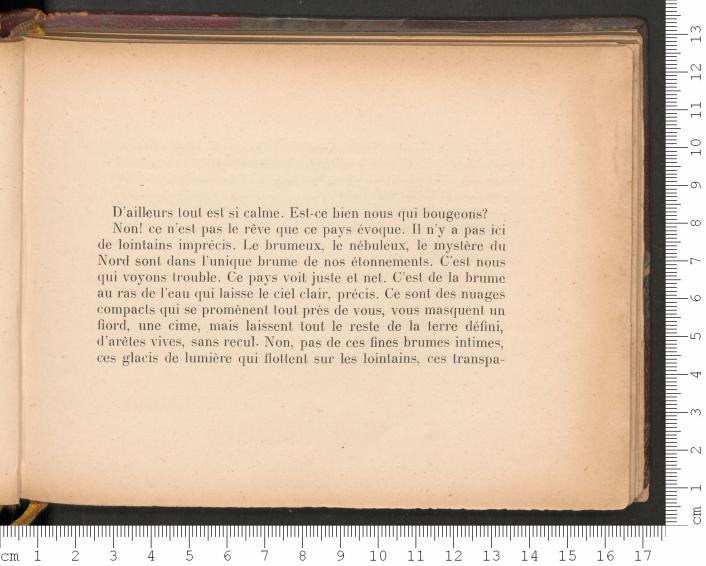


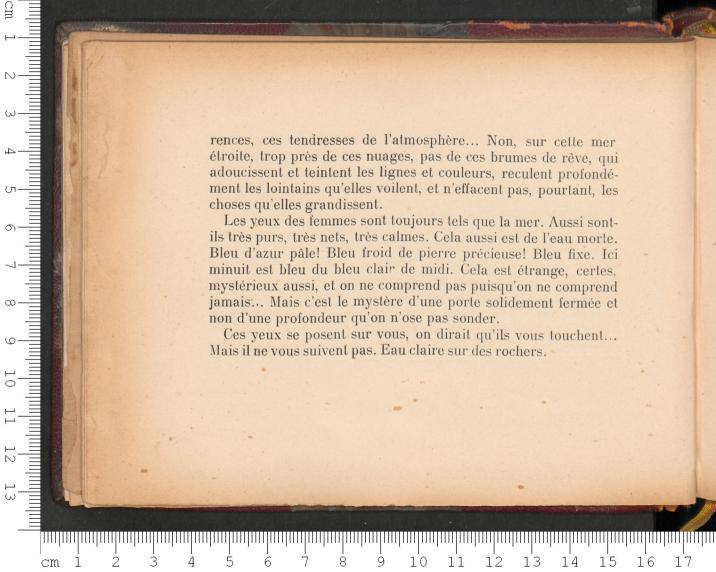


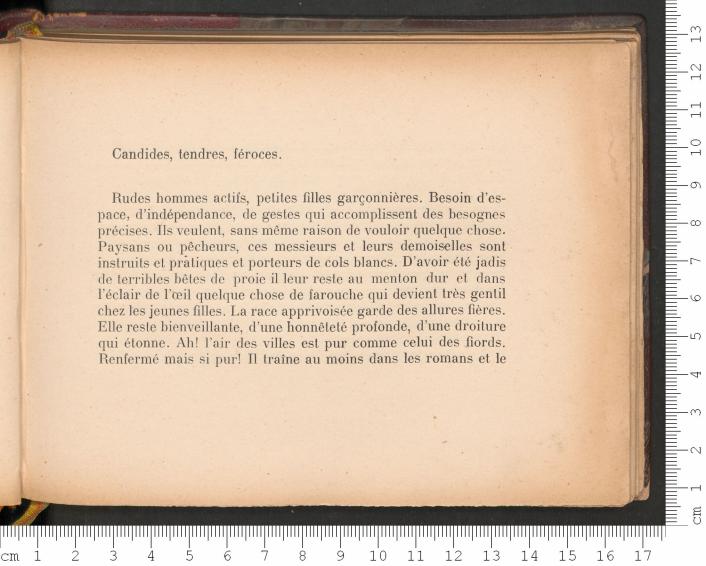


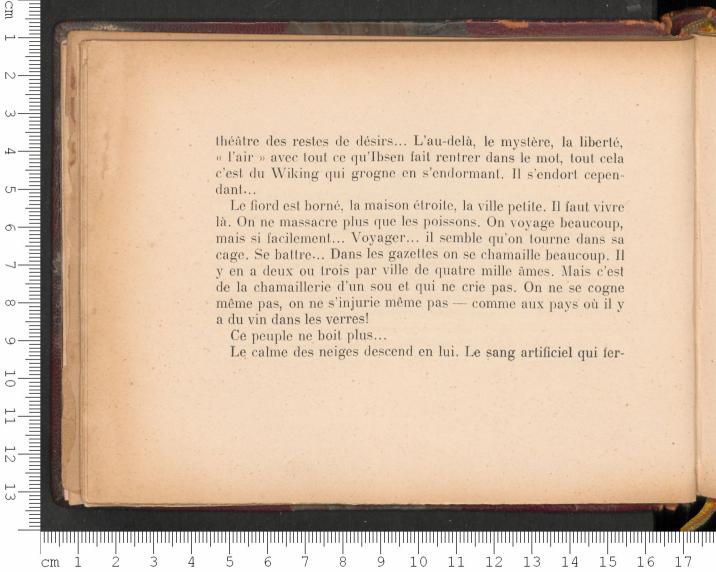


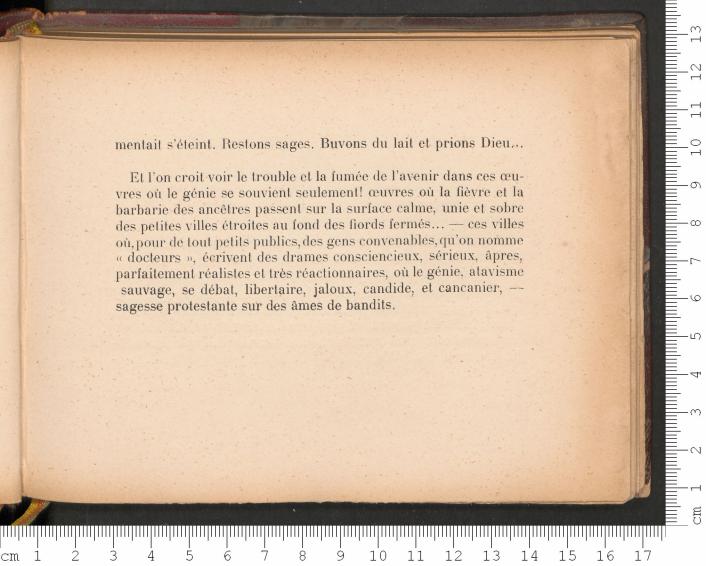


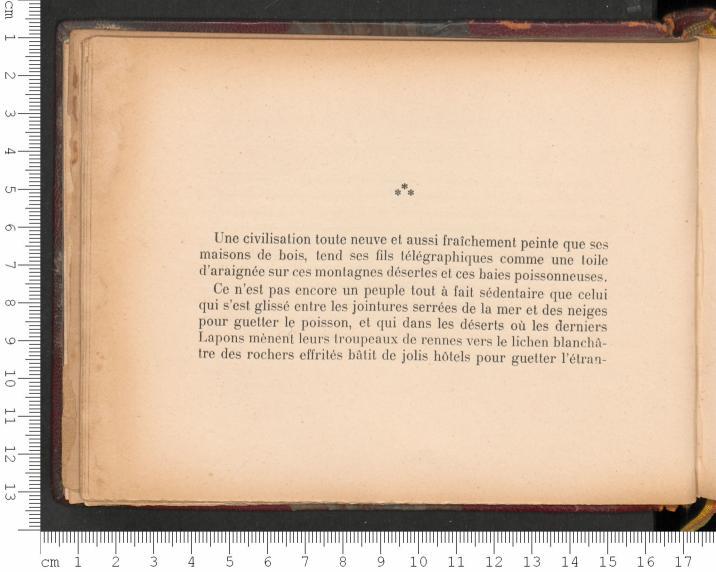


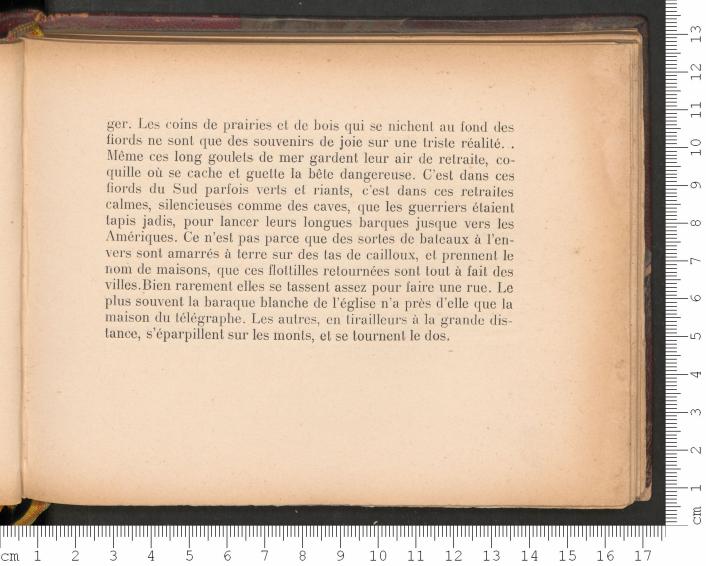


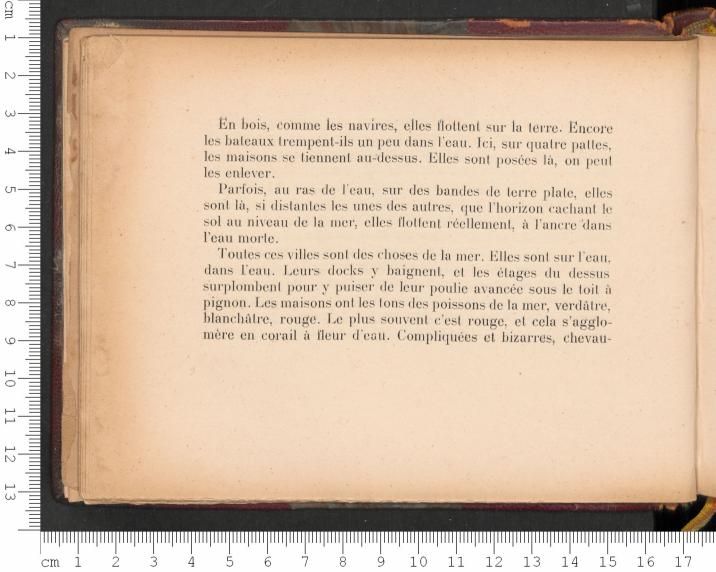


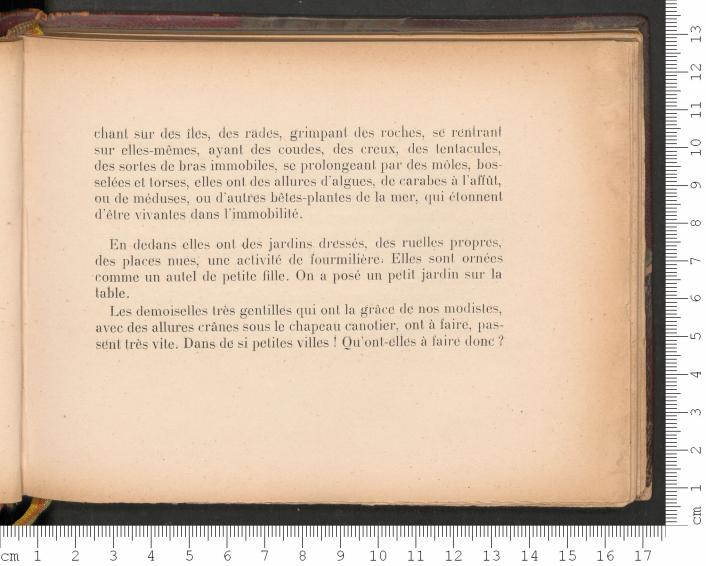


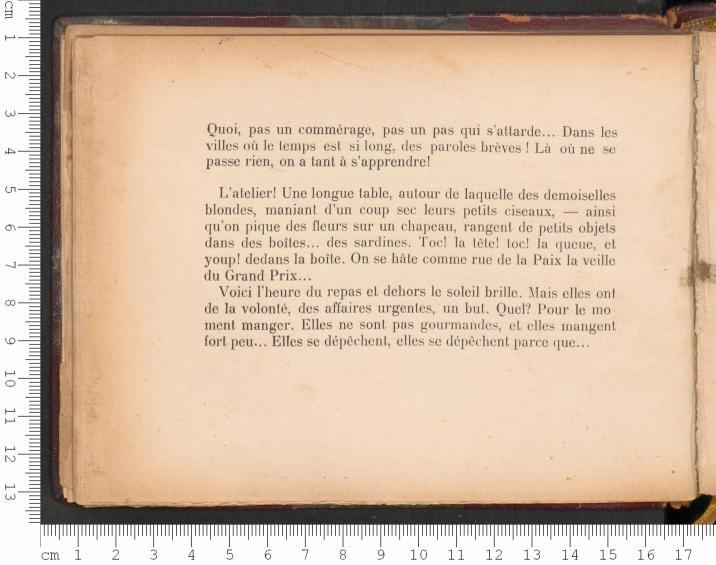


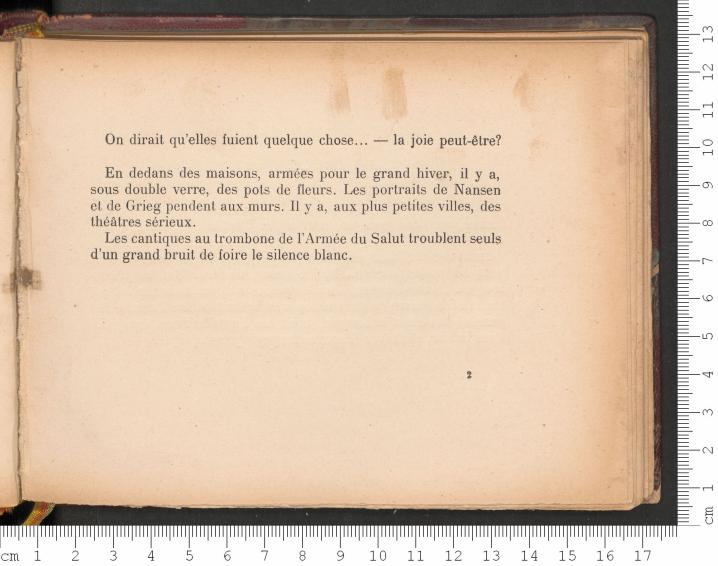


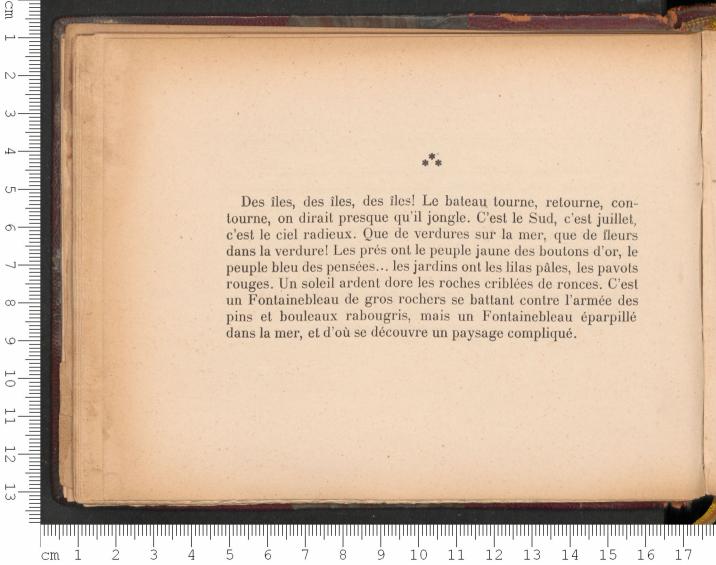


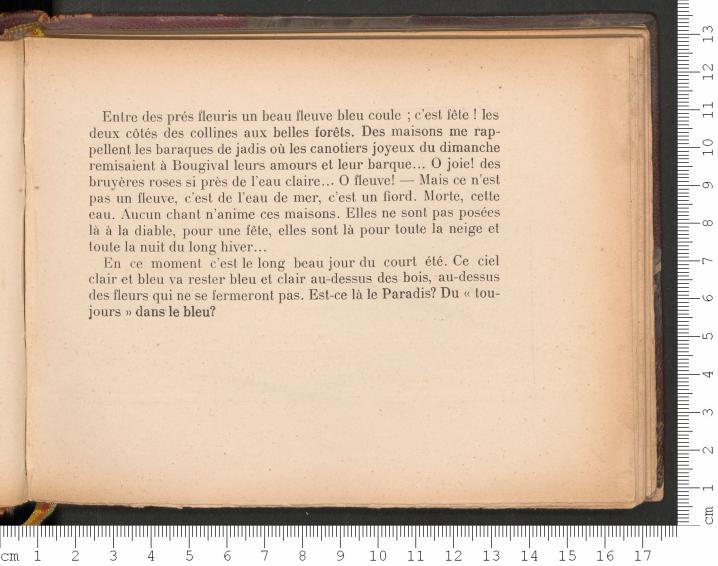


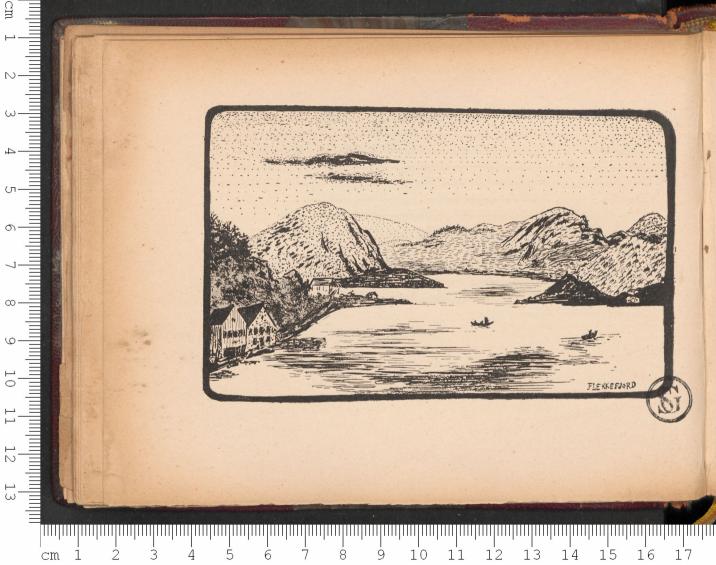


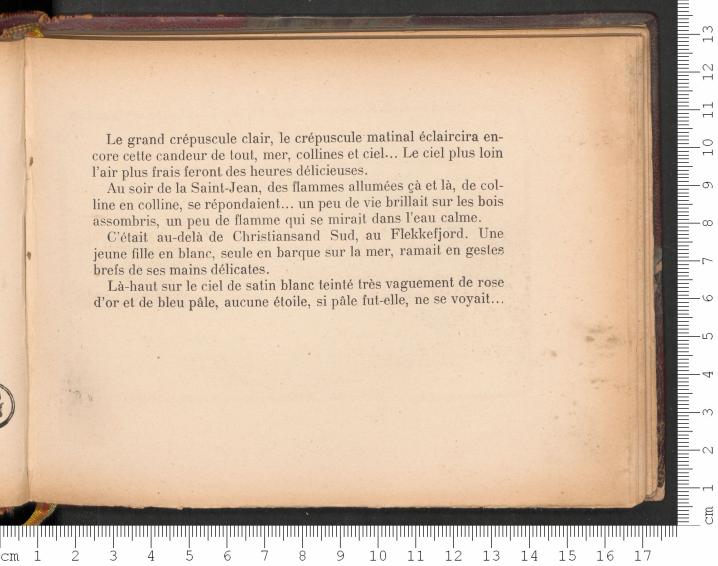




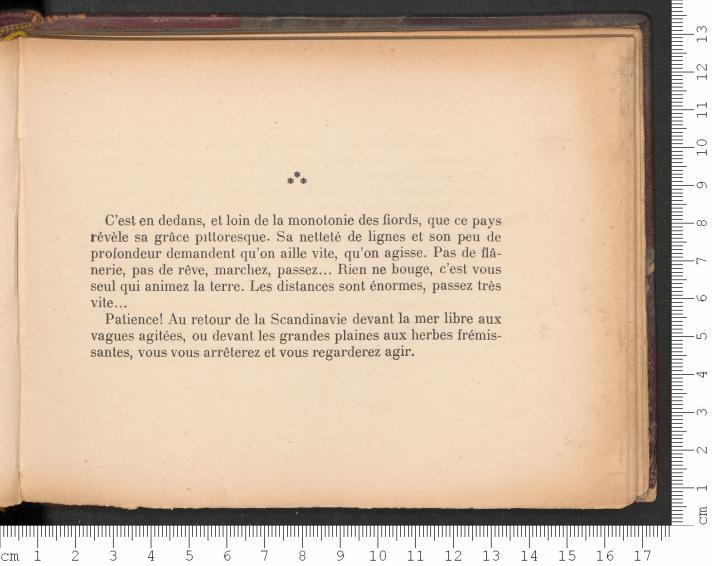


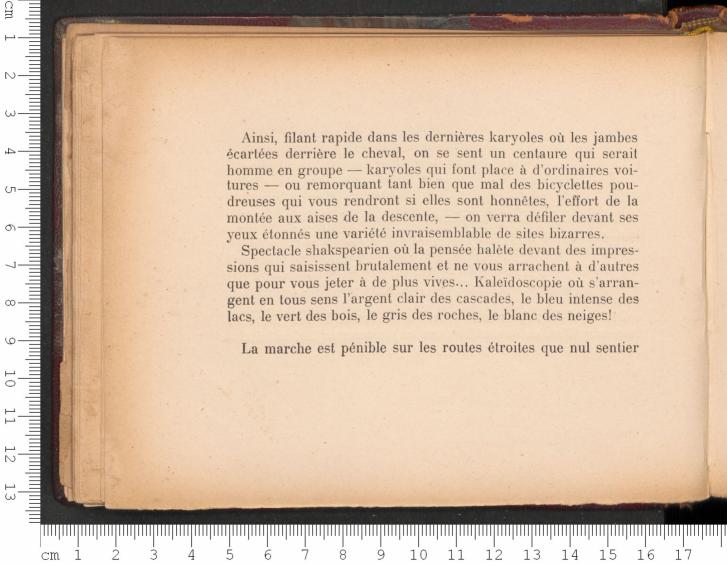


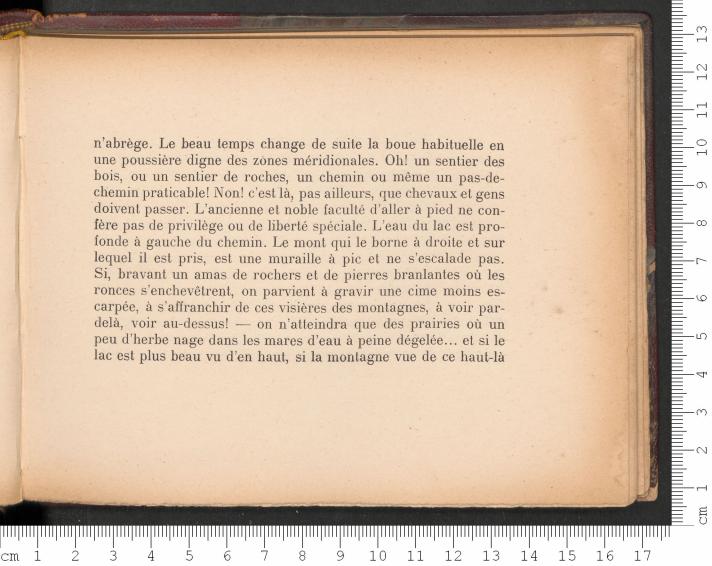


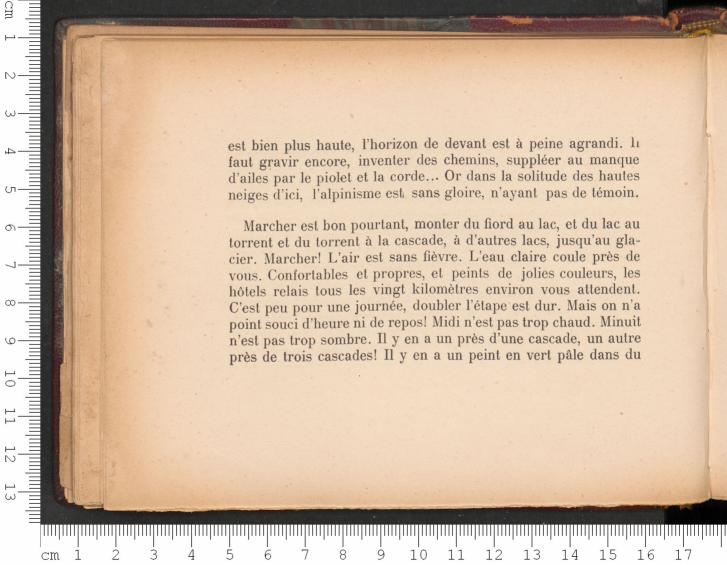


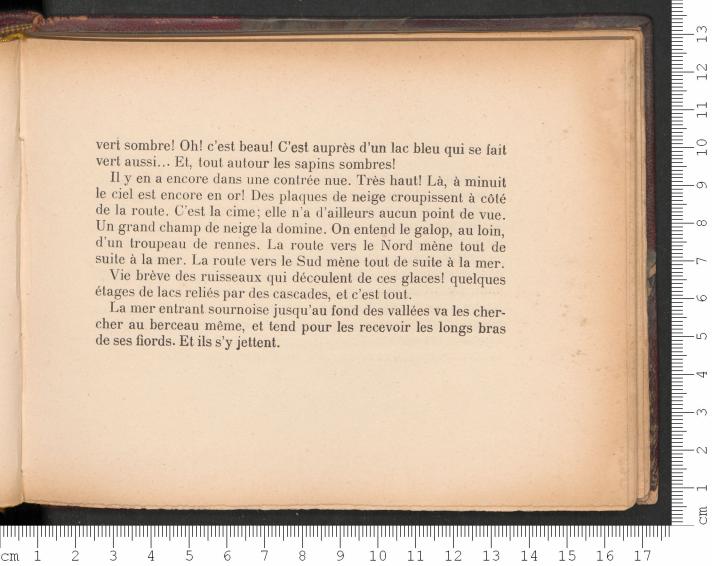


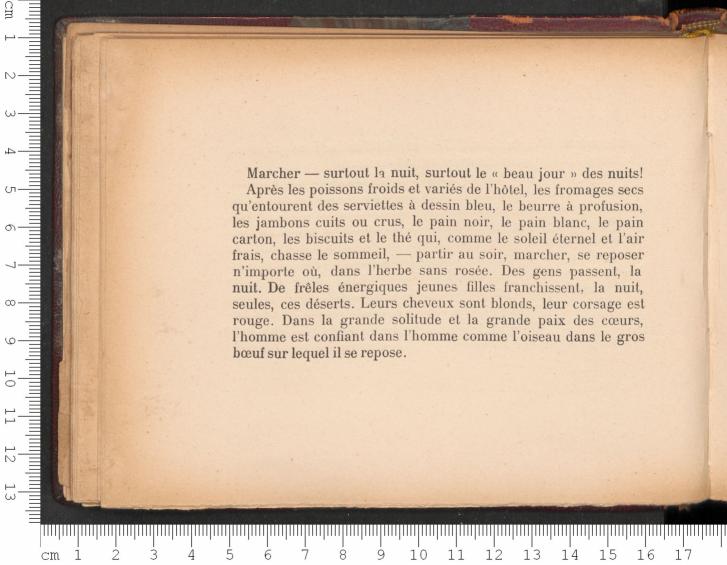


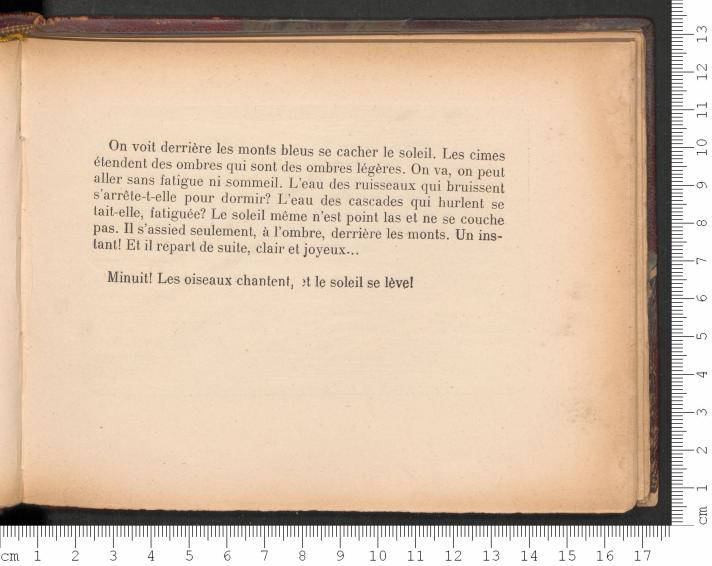




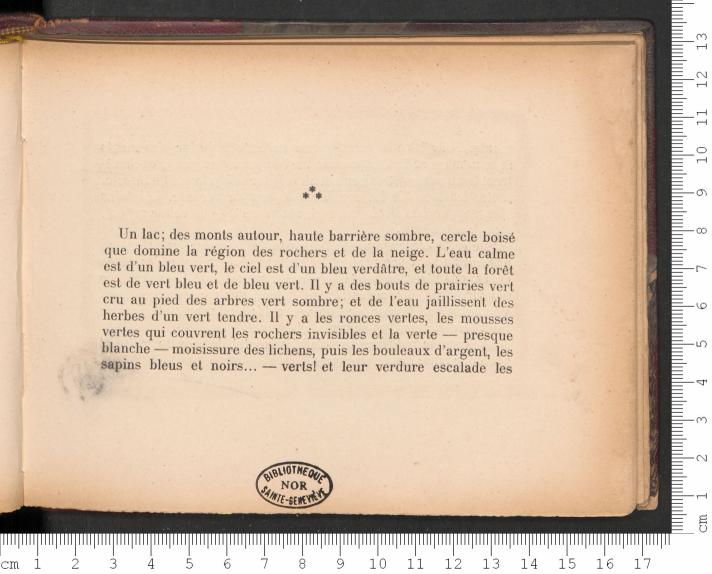


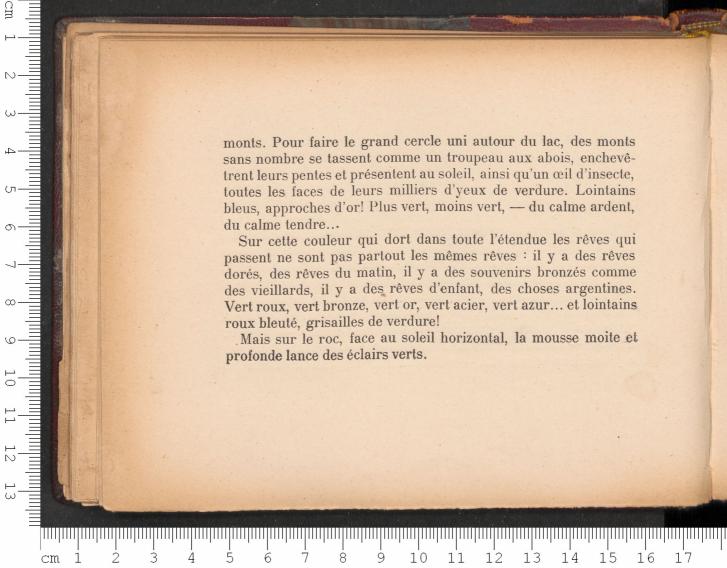


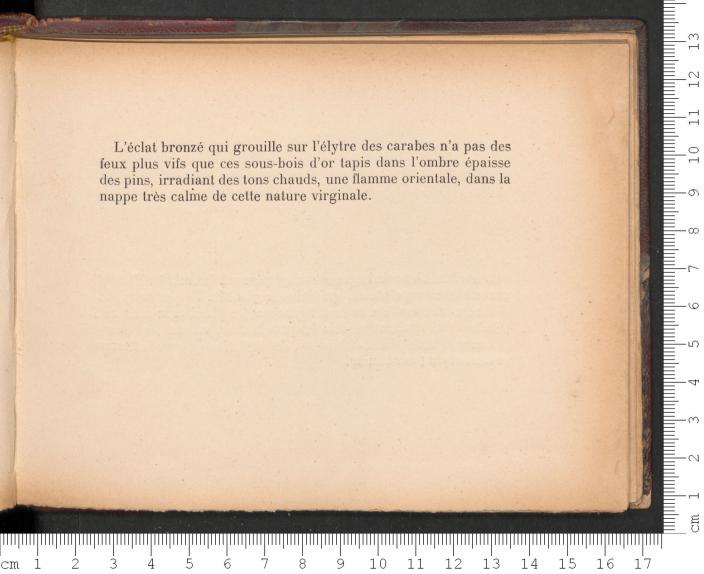


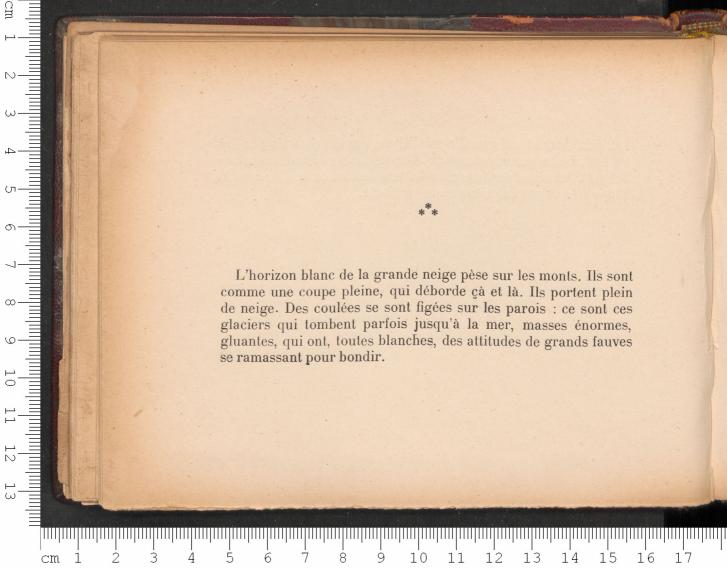


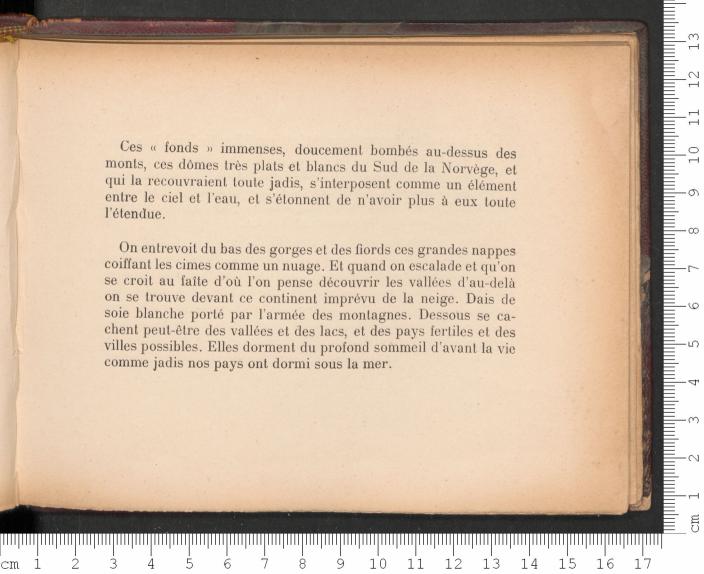


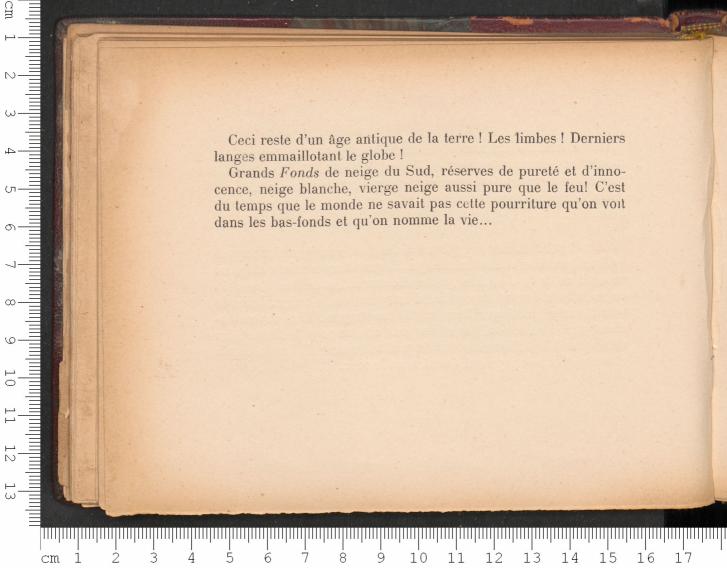


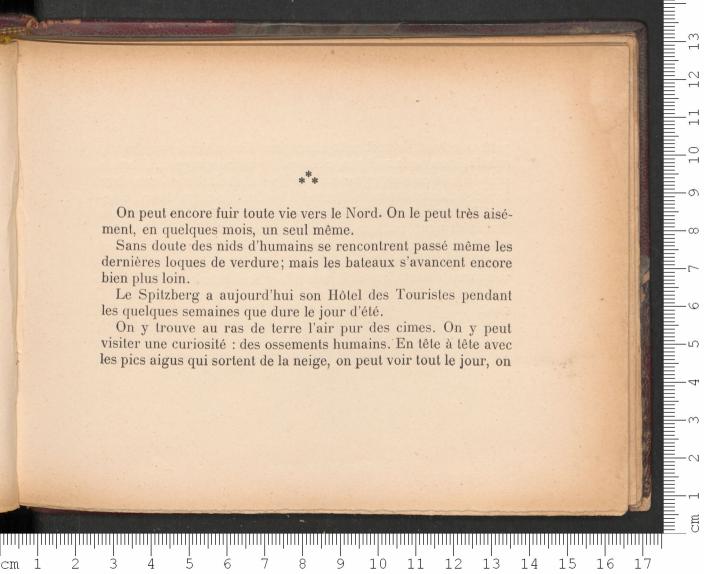


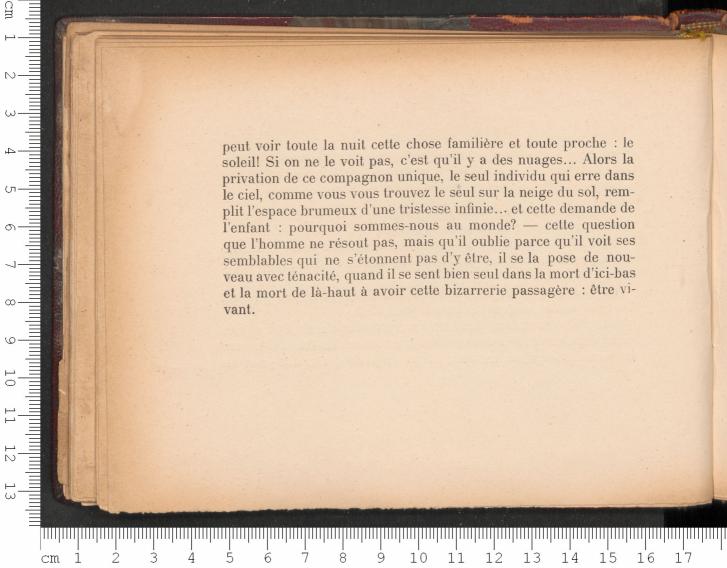


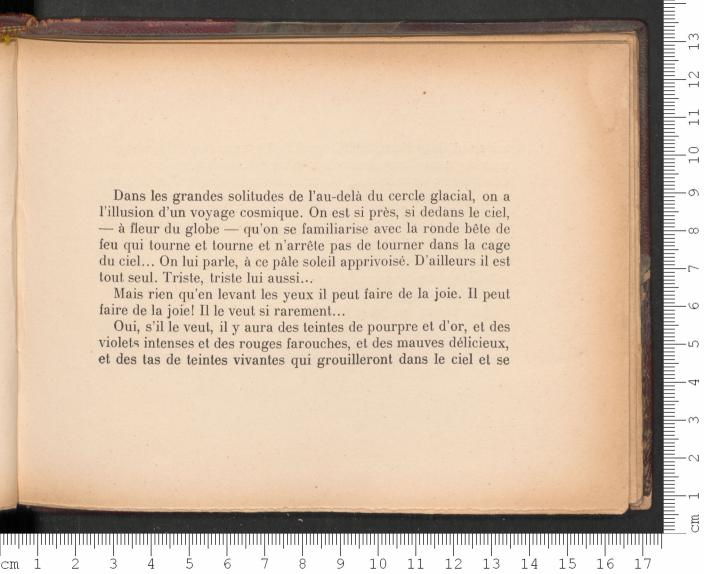


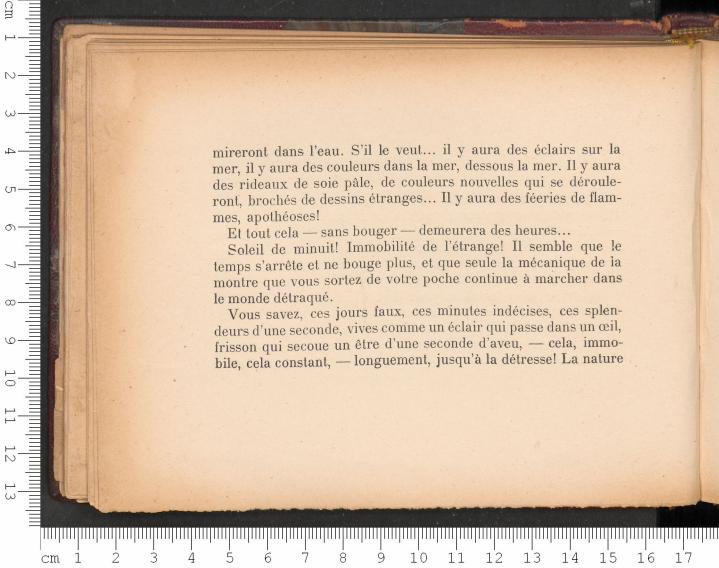


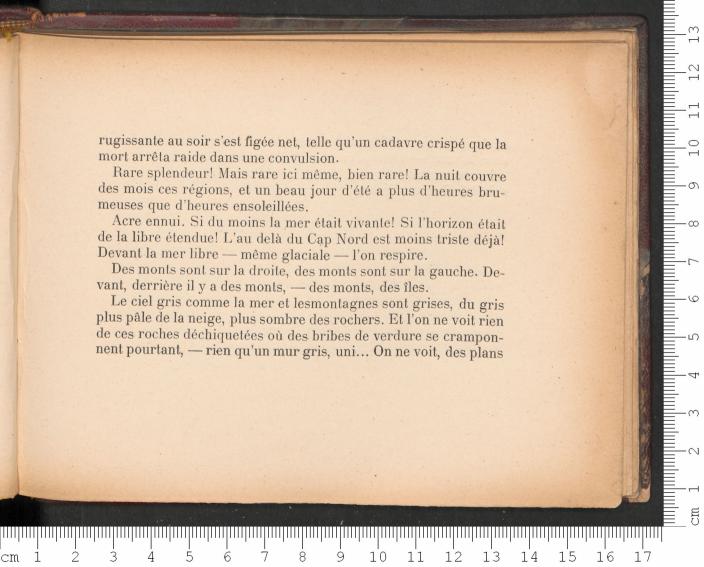


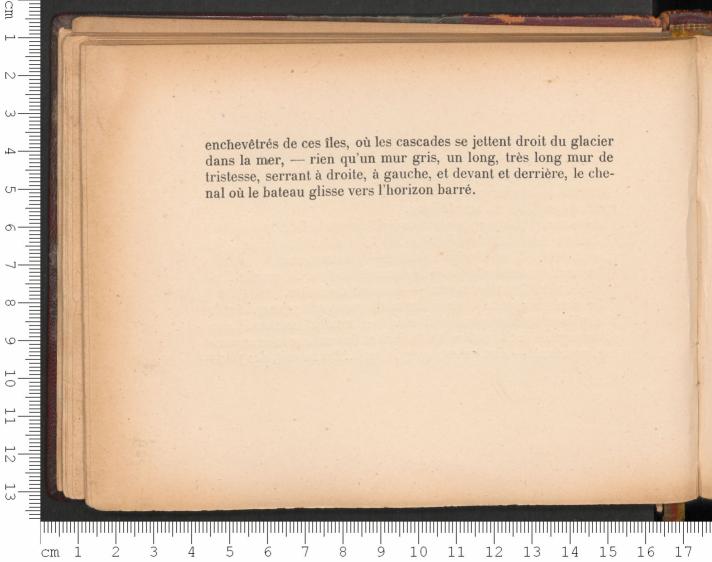




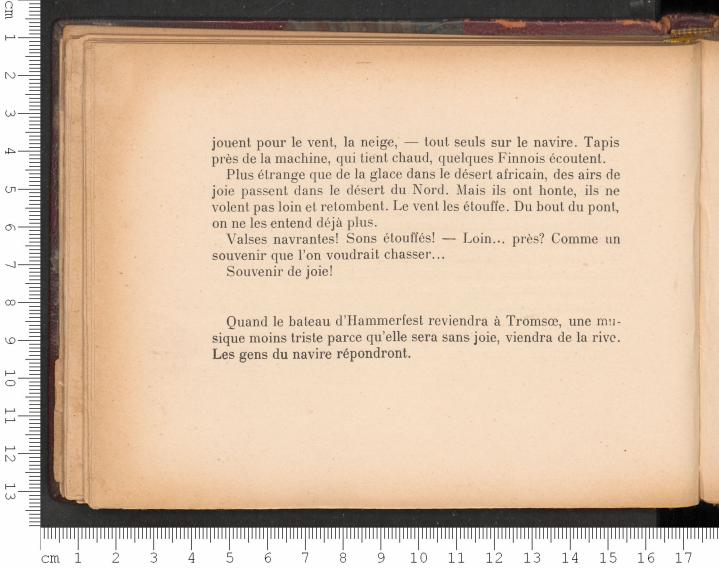


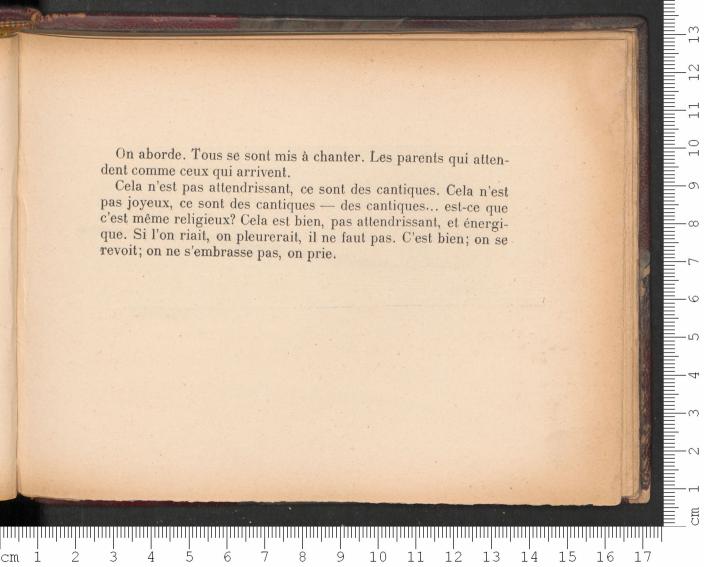




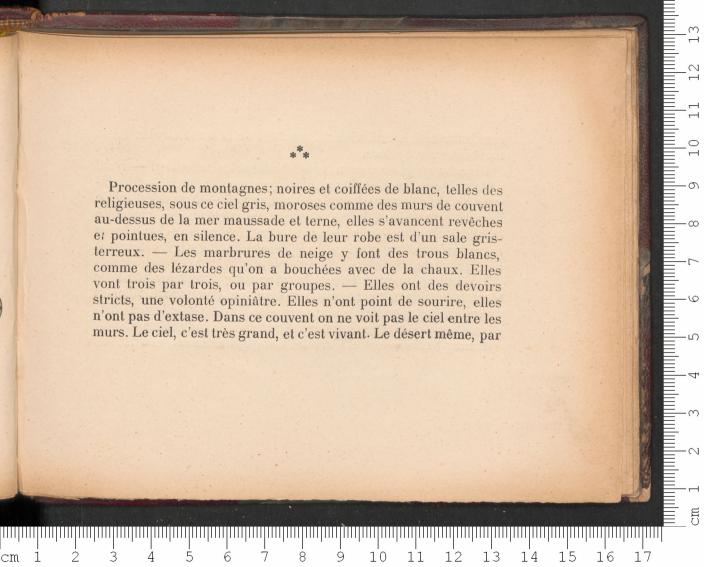


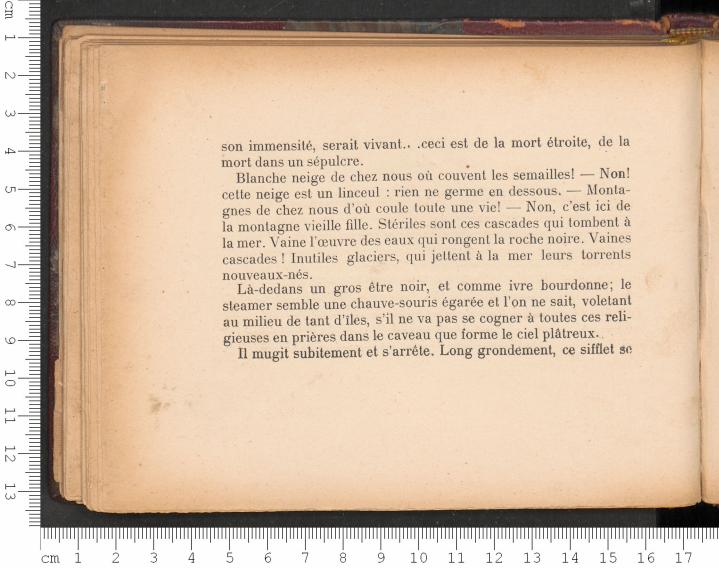
Un soir gris brouillassant. Un soir triste à pleurer... Ce n'est pas même un soir, puisque la nuit ne tombera pas... Dans l'espèce de silence du bruit assourdissant que font, mêlés, le vent et la machine du navire — des bouffées de musique vulgaire passent, et c'est si triste, si vague, — qu'on ne sait plus... Est-ce en soi-même, est-ce un souvenir? Est-ce une fête dans une ville proche qu'on ne voit pas... Mais les cartes disent qu'ici plus personne ne réside... Des mouettes crient. O chant de joie — comme il serait doux de pleurer! Ici, tout près, quatre pauvres Bavarois jouent du piston. Ils CM 10

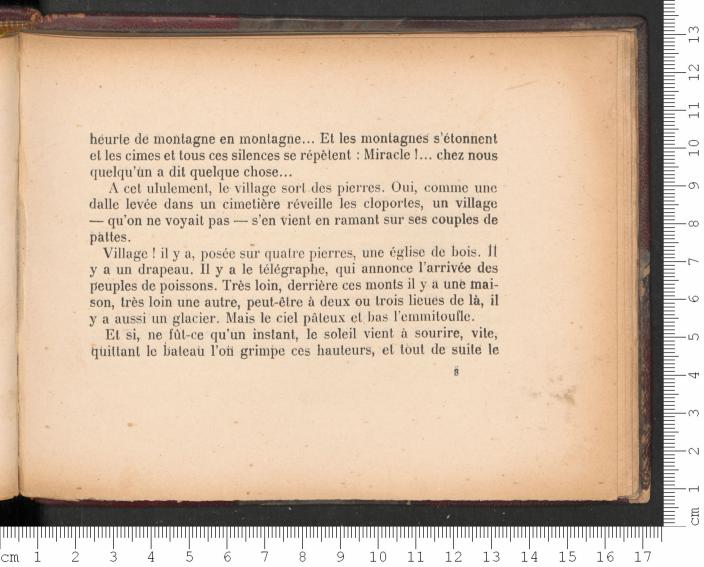


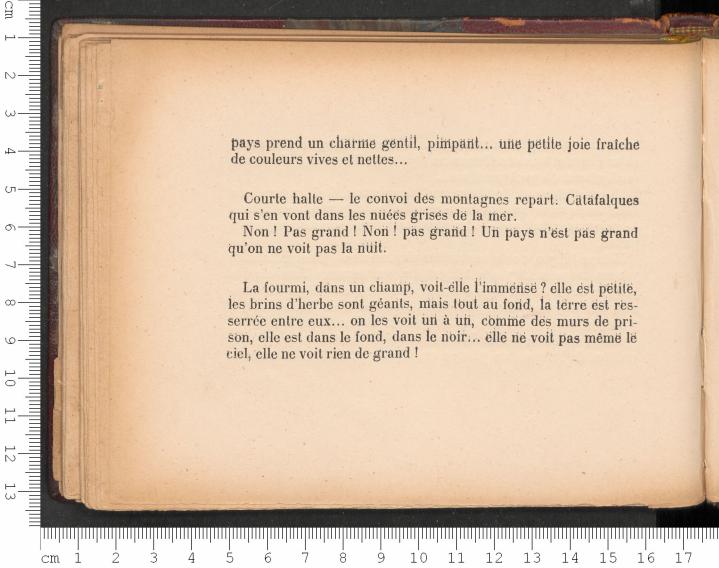


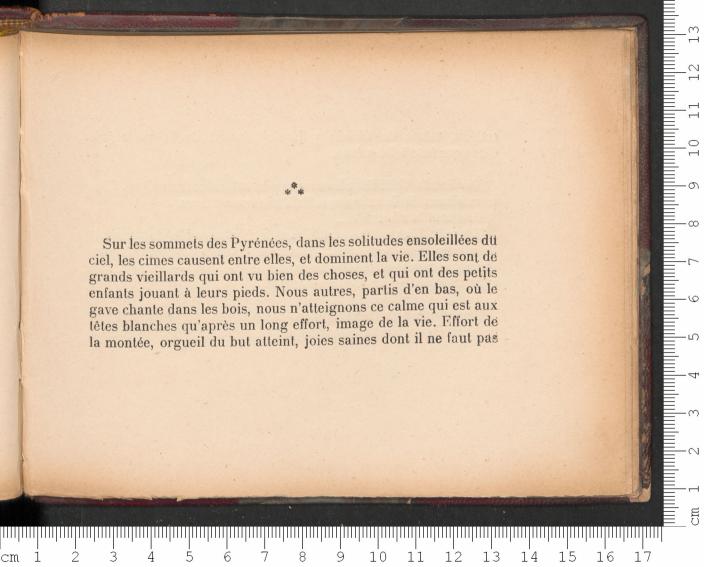


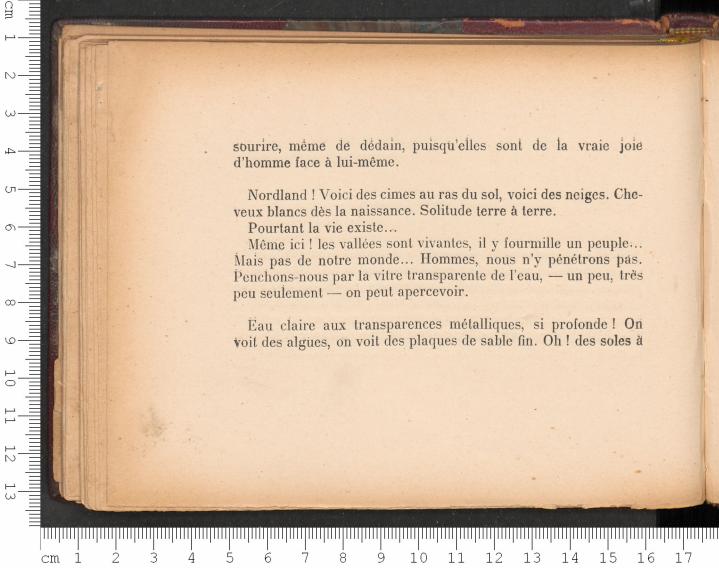


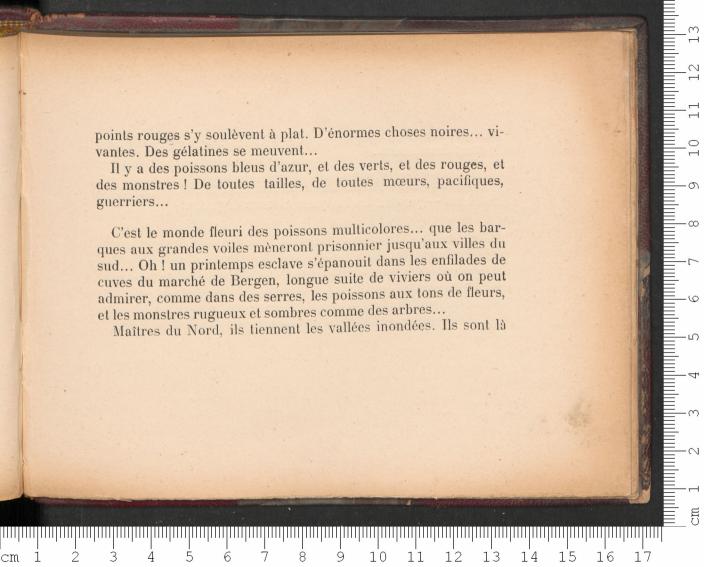


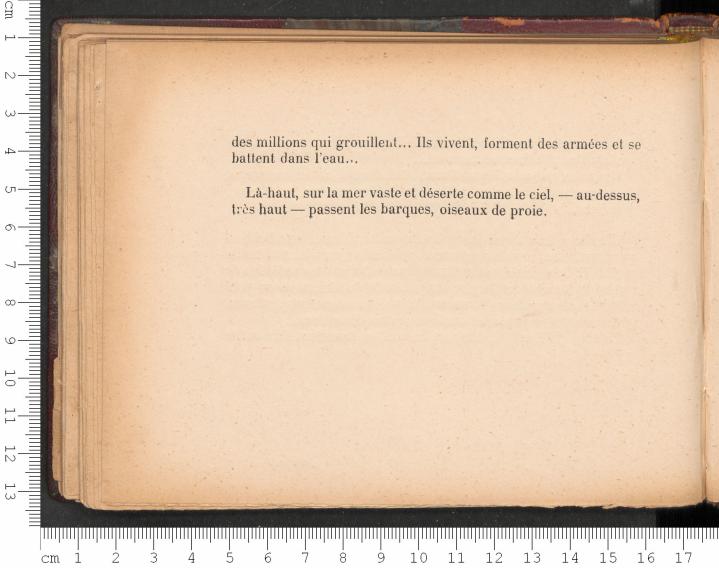


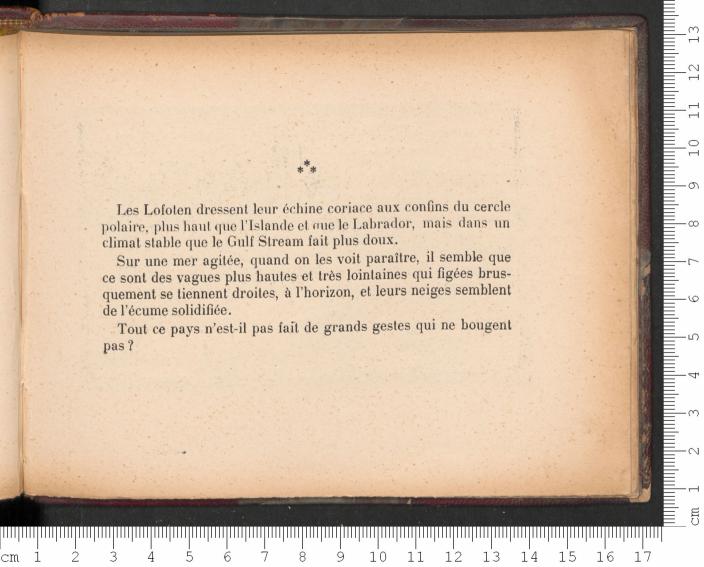


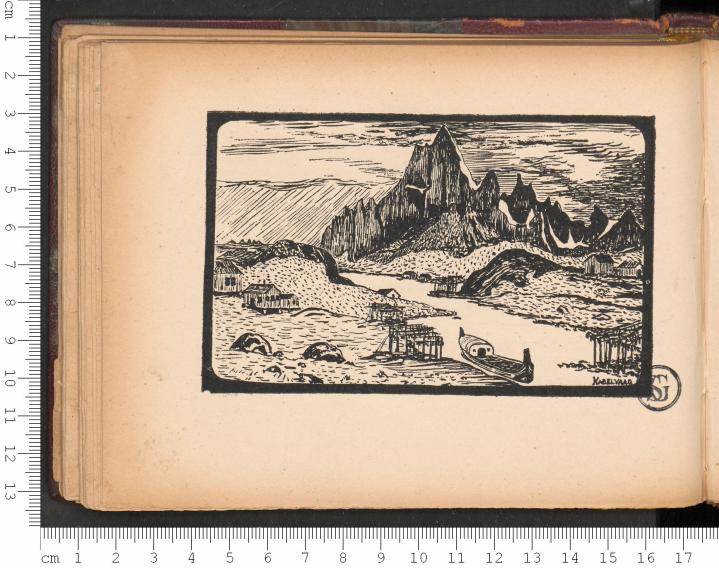


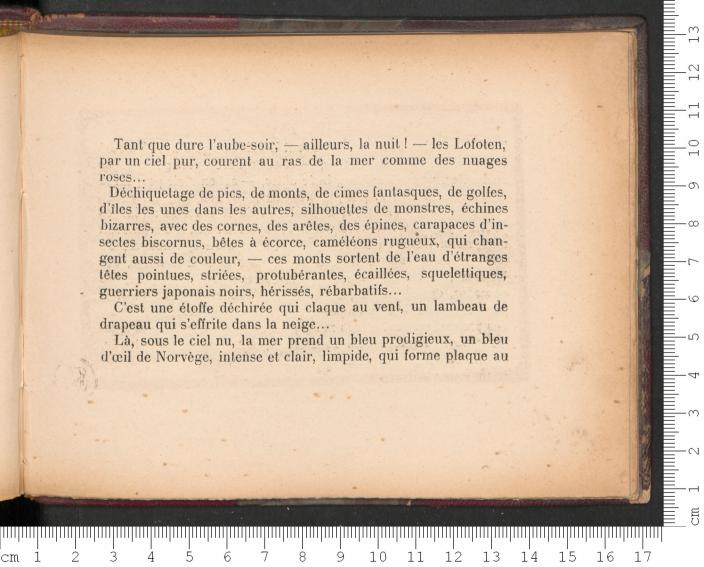












bord des roches bariolées et de tout le cailloutage d'un sol tombé en une pluie d'îles sur la mer, — éclaboussure figée, gouttelettes rocheuses, poussière d'îles, buée d'îles, - sol en furie perçant la face calme de la mer. Les Lofoten deviennent le Barbizon du Nord. Des alpinistes peintres y débarquent avec pinceaux et piolets. Motifs de tableaux allemands. Dans un cadre médiocre il tiendra des nuages, du ciel pur, de la brume, des montagnes, des îles, de la neige, des lointains, des rochers, des cailloux, des arbres, des prairies, des cascades, des cheminées, de la mer et des lacs, et des bœufs, et des gens, et des bateaux à proue et poupe recourbées, des étables, des phares, un port et des maisonnettes rouges posées sur quatre pieds... Et tout cela sera calme, sans dessous de teinte, - exact - tout cela sera plat, tout cela sera mort. CM

